



WHEN THE FROST HAS
TURNED THE MAPLE LEAVES
..... TO GOLD

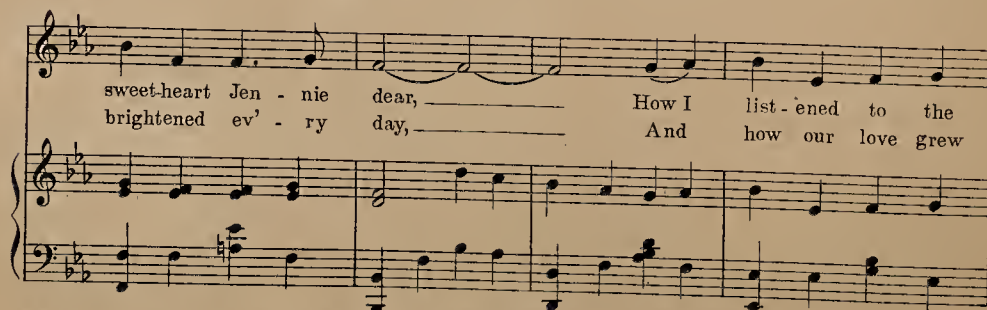
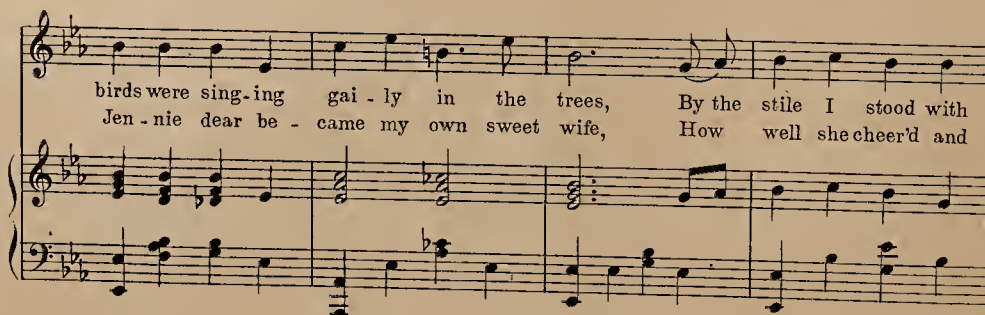
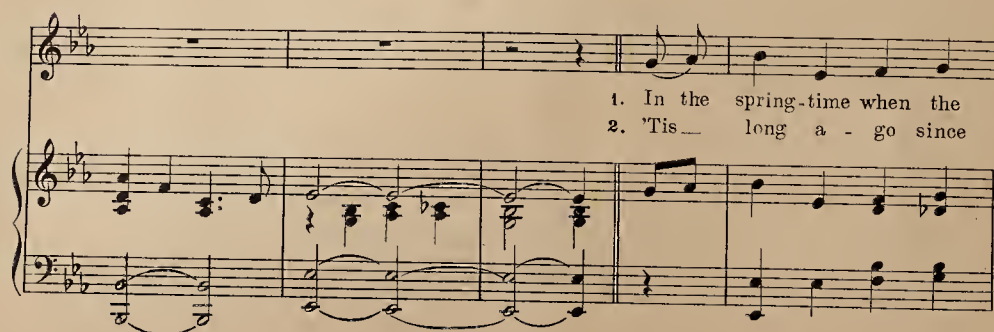
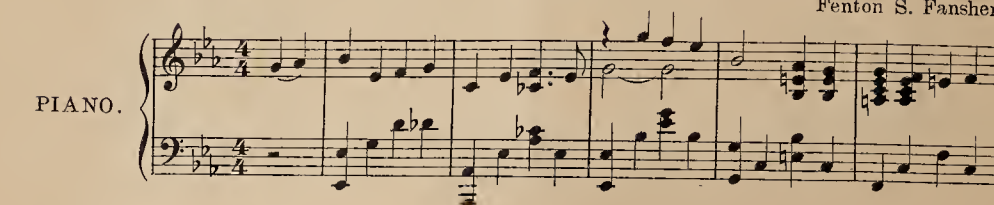
By FENTON S. FANSHER ♦



When the Frost has turned the Maple Leaves to Gold.

Fenton S. Fansher.

PIANO.



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mur - mur of the gen - tle ev' - ning breeze, And the ca - dence of her
strong - er as we journeyed on thro' life. How we help'd each o - ther

voice so sweet and clear. When I told her I must leave her, on the
o'er life's rug - ged way. But then sweet Jen - nie left me just a

mor - row we must part, Then she made me tell a - gain the sto - ry
year a - go to - day. Since then the world has drea - ry been and

old And I prom - ised I would meet her and would clasp her to my
cold But soon I hope to see her for my heart it seems to

heart, When the frost had turn'd the Ma - ple Leaves to gold.
say That I'll meet her when the leaves have turn'd to gold.

CHORUS.

When the frost has turn'd the Ma - ple leaves to gold, Then I'll

tell to you a - gain the sto - ry old At the clos - ing of the year I will

meet you Jen - nie dear, When the frost has turn'd the Ma - ple Leaves to gold.